GOLD KEY
THE MUNSTERS
The MUNSTERS
12c
10134-704
APRIL
MILLERS
6d
Lily is tied to her harp strings and gets carried away by a sour knot!
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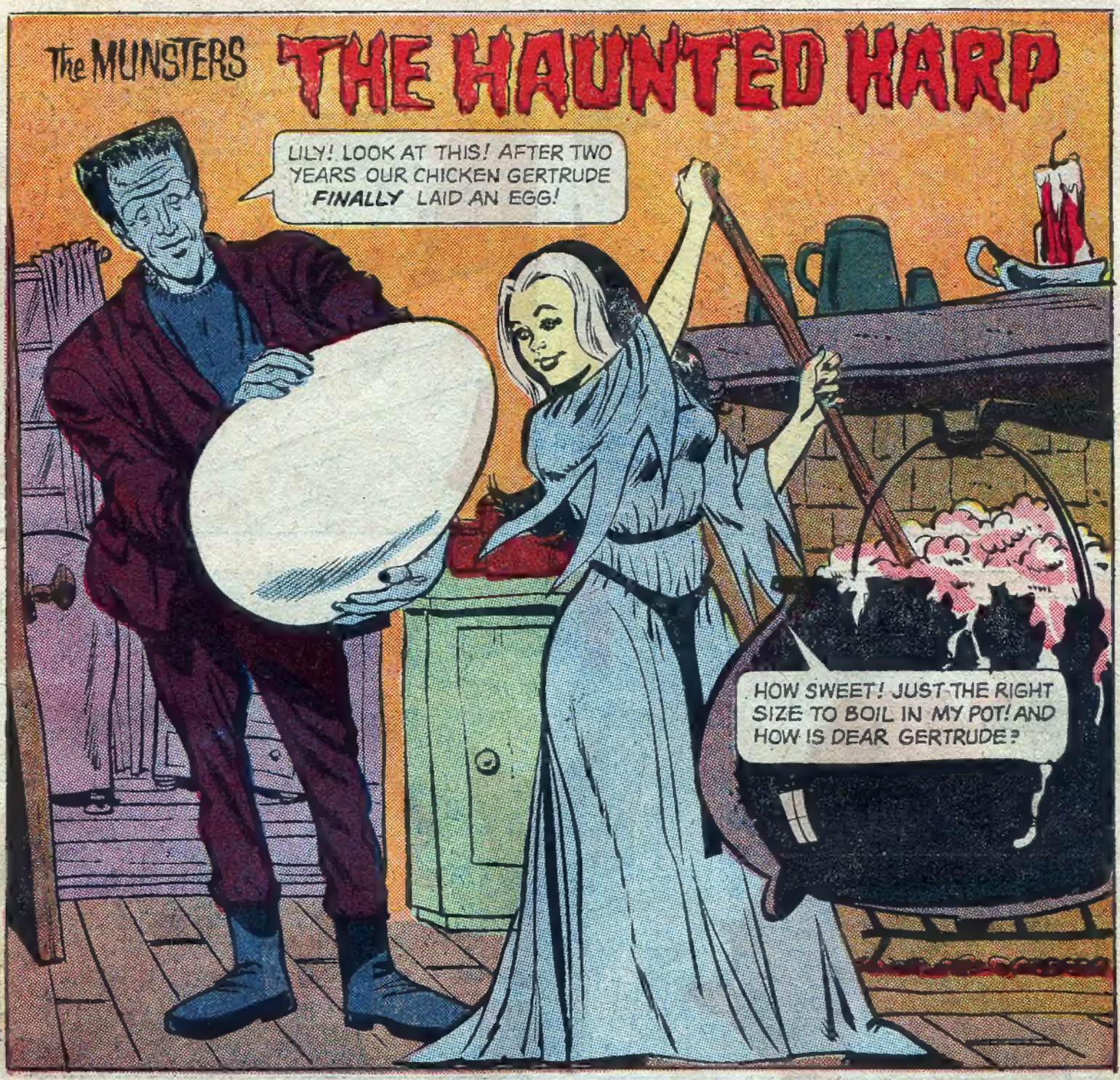
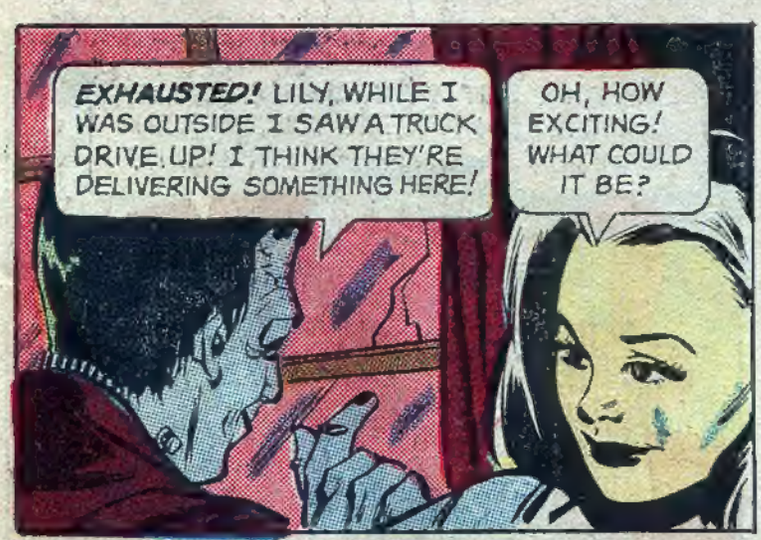
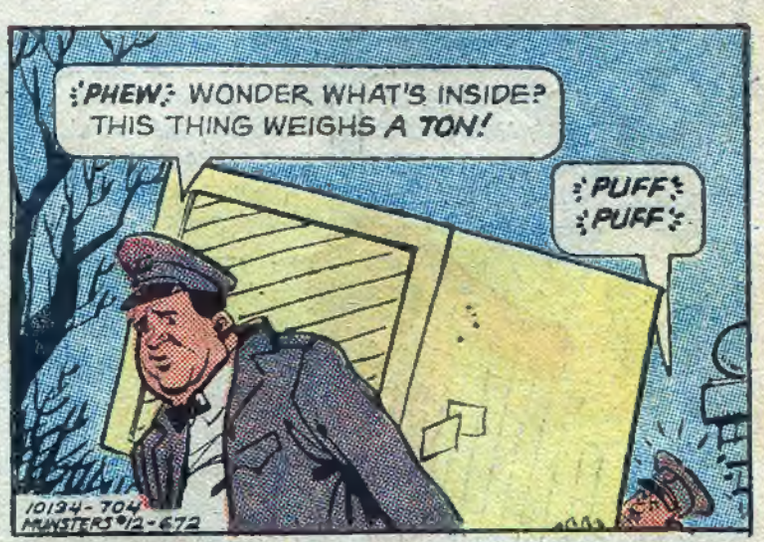
The MUNSTERS
BATTER UP
OKAY, KIDS! HERE I AM! WHAT DO I DO?
SWELL, GRANDPA!
JUST STAND BEHIND THE PLATE AND TELL US IF IT'S A BALL OR A STRIKE!
ER, IS THAT ALL?
WHEN THERE'S A RUNNER ON BASE, YOU HAVE TO TELL US IF HE'S SAFE OR OUT!
IS THAT ALL?
SURE, GRANDPA, THAT'S ALL ANY UMPIRE HAS TO DO!...
UMPIRE! I THOUGHT YOU SAID VAMPIRE!


The MUNSTERS
THE HAUNTED HARP
LILY! LOOK AT THIS! AFTER TWO YEARS OUR CHICKEN GERTRUDE FINALLY LAID AN EGG!
HOW SWEET! JUST THE RIGHT SIZE TO BOIL IN MY POT! AND HOW IS DEAR GERTRUDE?


EXHAUSTED! LILY, WHILE I WAS OUTSIDE I SAW A TRUCK DRIVE UP! I THINK THEY'RE DELIVERING SOMETHING HERE!
OH, HOW EXCITING! WHAT COULD IT BE?



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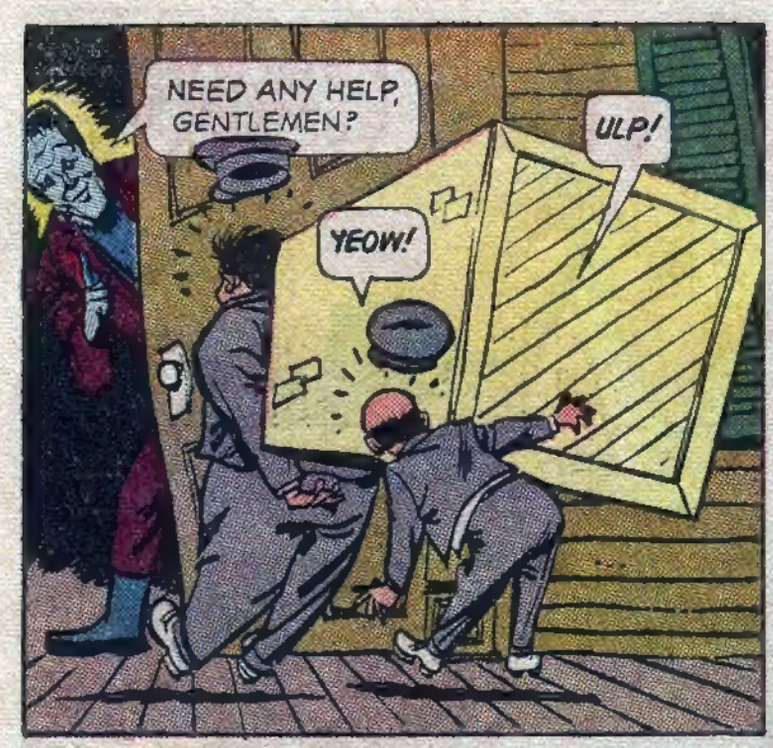
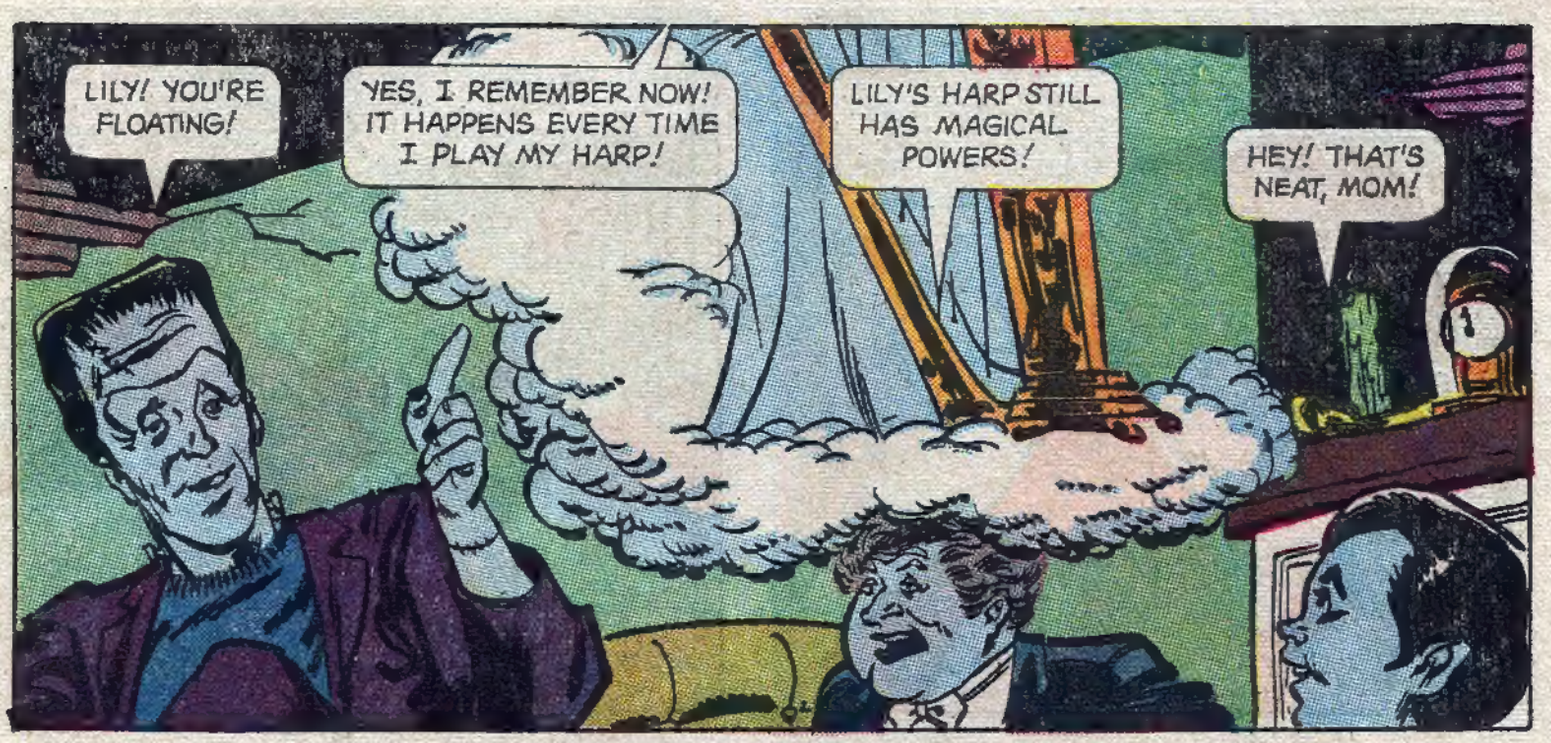

NEED ANY HELP, GENTLEMEN?
ULP!
YEOW!

THEY MUST BE IN A HURRY! THEY DIDN'T EVEN WAIT FOR A TIP!

HURRY UP, HERMAN! I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE WHAT'S INSIDE!
IT CAME FROM UNCLE ALBERT IN TRANSYLVANIA!
SCREECH!

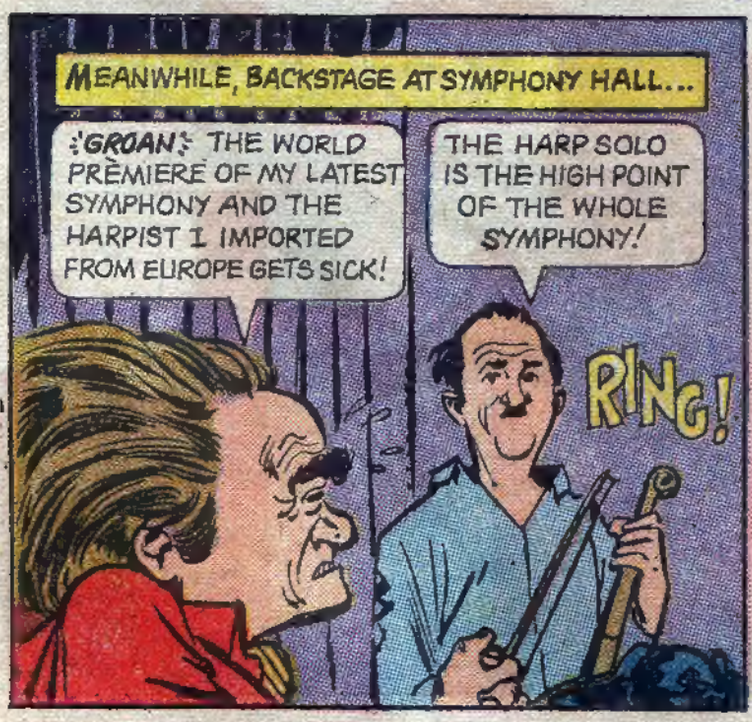
IT'S MY OLD HARP! IT MUST BE A HUNDRED YEARS SINCE I LAST PLAYED IT!
PLAY SOMETHING FOR US, LILY! IT'LL PUT US ALL IN :HEH-HEH: GOOD SPIRITS!

LILY, YOUR MUSIC IS HEAVENLY!
IT SHOULD BE! :HEH-HEH: WHERE DO YOU THINK SHE LEARNED IT?


LILY! YOU'RE FLOATING!
YES, I REMEMBER NOW! IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME I PLAY MY HARP!
LILY'S HARP STILL HAS MAGICAL POWERS!
HEY! THAT'S NEAT, MOM!

THAT'S LOVELY, LILY! YOU SHOULD BE PLAYING IN THE MOCKINGBIRD HEIGHTS SYMPHONY!
GOOD IDEA, GRANDPA! LILY'S HARP PLAYING IS OUT OF THIS WORLD!

I'LL CALL THEM UP AND ASK THEM IF THEY NEED A HARPIST!


MEANWHILE, BACKSTAGE AT SYMPHONY HALL...
:GROAN: THE WORLD PREMIERE OF MY LATEST SYMPHONY AND THE HARPIST I IMPORTED FROM EUROPE GETS SICK!
THE HARP SOLO IS THE HIGH POINT OF THE WHOLE SYMPHONY!
RING!

HELLO? THIS IS HERMAN MUNSTER! I WAS WONDERING IF YOUR SYMPHONY COULD USE A HARPIST! LILY'S THE WORLD'S GREATEST!
OR ANY OTHER WORLD, FOR THAT MATTER!

HE HAS A HARPIST!... WHAT A LUCKY BREAK!
WHAT'S THAT? LILY AND HER MAGIC HARP? TERRIFIC! SEND HER OVER!
BUT, MR. BURNSTACK! YOU HAVEN'T EVEN AUDITIONED HER!
NO TIME FOR THAT! ANY HARPIST IS BETTER THAN NONE AT ALL!
LILY! THEY WANT YOU TO PLAY IN THE SYMPHONY TONIGHT!
BUT, HERMAN...I CAN'T! WHAT IF I START FLOATING DURING THE CONCERT?
WE'VE THOUGHT OF THAT, LILY! I'LL SIMPLY TIE THIS ROPE TO THE HARP, HIDE BACKSTAGE AND HOLD YOU DOWN!
DON'T FORGET TO USE A HANGMAN'S KNOT! THEY HOLD SO MUCH BETTER!
HERE WE ARE, LILY!
OH, I'M SO NE-NERVOUS!
HAVE NO FEAR, LILY! YOUR HARP PRACTICALLY PLAYS ITSELF! AS A MATTER OF FACT, I THINK IT DOES!
CONCERT

BURNSTACK! THIS IS YOUR LAST CHANCE! IF TONIGHT'S CONCERT ISN'T A SUCCESS, YOU'RE FIRED!
YES, MR. RICHLEY! I'VE IMPORTED A SPECIAL HARPIST JUST FOR TONIGHT'S CONCERT!
SET 7
BY THE WAY, BURNSTACK! WHAT MUSIC ARE YOU GOING TO CONDUCT TONIGHT?
IT'S MY OWN ORIGINAL COMPOSITION! THE GHOST SYMPHONY! THE MUSIC IS TRULY HAUNTING!
GHOSTS, INDEED! BURNSTACK, I:.. YAWK!
DO-DON'T BE ALARMED, MR. RICHLEY! THAT MUST BE MY HARPIST!
HERE I AM, MR. BURNSTACK!
WHERE DO I PUT THIS THING?
PUT IT ON THE STAGE!
WHAT HAVE I GOT MYSELF INTO?
GHOST SYMPHONY, EH? EH--I'LL BE OUT FRONT WHERE IT'S SAFE! I MEAN WHERE I CAN WATCH!
HERE'S YOUR MUSIC, MRS. MUNSTER! NOW GO TAKE YOUR PLACE WITH THE ORCHESTRA!
GASP! I NEED A TRANQUILIZER!

PARDON ME! IS THIS SEAT TAKEN?
YEEK!
HUMPH! SHE MUST'VE SNEAKED IN WITHOUT A TICKET!
ZOOOM
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, TONIGHT MARKS THE DEBUT OF MY ORIGINAL COMPOSITION, "THE GHOST SYMPHONY"! OUR SOLOIST TONIGHT WILL BE LILY AND HER MAGIC HARP!
PSST! ARE YOU THERE, HERMAN?
I'M RIGHT HERE, LILY! DON'T WORRY! I'LL HOLD ON TIGHT!
AH, MUSIC TO SOOTHE THE SAVAGE BEAST! ¡HEH! HEH!¡ I OUGHT TO KNOW! IT SOOTHES ME!

AH, HERE COMES LILY'S PART! THE HARP SOLO!
ULP! SHE'S STARTING TO FLOAT! HOLD ON TIGHT, HERMAN!
DON'T WORRY, LILY! I'VE GOT YOU!...
SCREEECH!
OOPS! EXCUSE ME!
SH-SHE'S FLOATING!
YES, BUT THAT HARP! IT'S BEAUTIFUL!
KEEP PLAYING, LILY! IT'S A LONG DROP DOWN THERE!
THAT HARP!... IT'S HEAVENLY!
IT HAS A SPIRIT QUALITY!
NO WONDER HE CALLED IT THE "GHOST SYMPHONY"!

HERE! HERMAN! GRAB THIS CANE AND I'LL PULL YOU IN!
CRASH!
WH-WHAT HAPPENED?
LILY STOPPED PLAYING!
YES, THAT WAS THE END OF MY SOLO! SEE?
THEY REALLY LIKED YOU, LILY!
THANK YOU, THANK YOU!
AND THEY THOUGHT SHOOTING CANNONS IN THE 1812 OVERTURE WAS SOMETHING!
BRAVO!
RAY!
ENCORE!
MY BEAUTIFUL SYMPHONY RUINED! MY REPUTATION AS A CONDUCTOR, DESTROYED! OH! OH! MR. RICHLEY!
MR. BURNSTACK!

THAT WAS BRILLIANT, MR. BURNSTACK! IMAGINE! USING SPECIAL EFFECTS TO BLEND WITH THE THEME OF THE MUSIC! "GHOST SYMPHONY" WAS A SMASHING SUCCESS!
EH, IT WAS RATHER... UNUSUAL!
WHY YOU'RE A PIONEER IN A NEW MUSIC FORM! YOUR NAME WILL BECOME FAMOUS! AND I, AS YOUR BENEFACTOR, WILL--
JUST A MINUTE, THERE!
OH OH! THEY HAVE SEEN US!
LILY, HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO BECOME A PERMANENT MEMBER OF THE ORCHESTRA?
THANK YOU! BUT I'M AFRAID NOT!
LILY LOVES TO PLAY THE HARP... BUT WHENEVER SHE DOES...
...SHE GETS AIRSICK!
OHH! TAKE ME HOME, HERMAN!
THIS HARP HAS MANY USES, LILY! BESIDES MAKING BEAUTIFUL MUSIC, IT MAKES A PERFECT EGG SLICER!

A Bat-time Story

A chilling story from the collection of Count Bloodcurdle

MY BROTHER, THE ZOMBIE

The ebony cat slithered into the room and jumped up on the talisman pillow in the carved chair. The Baron, who was sitting in front of the fireplace, screamed, "Will you stop stomping in and out of the room while I'm trying to concentrate?"

The black, sinister cat dug his long, sharp claws into the pillow and went to sleep. The Baron was at his evil practices again and should not be disturbed.

The Baron's eyes glowered in the light of the fire, as he turned the pages of an ancient book concerning the black practices of Voodoo. "Tonight, I will conjure up the spirit of my late brother, Hugo, who will tell me exactly where he hid the treasure in this castle!"

For twenty years, the Baron had searched high and low, in every conceivable corner of the castle, but to no avail. He had found his brother's list of deadly poisons secreted behind a loose stone in the tower, his hoard of evil charms hidden in the chimney of the fireplace in the great hall, the bones of his brother's many victims in a secret passage off the dungeon and beneath the floor of the torture chamber, his collection of bubblegum cards. But he never found his elusive treasure. This was the last resort.

If the powers of Voodoo were a reality, he could bring back his late brother and learn at last the secret of the hidden fortune.

He followed the ancient, evil instructions to the letter. First, mixing this and mixing that into a huge vial, pouring it back and forth, until a wisp of smoke began to appear. Slowly, it took shape, until the form of a man began to materialize. Then, suddenly, standing before him, big as life, was his late brother, Hugo!

The Baron, overcome with fear and delight, fell to his knees and said, "Forgive me, dear brother, for disturbing your final rest, but I must know where you buried the treasure in the castle!"

His brother looked at him sternly with the cold eyes of death and said, "You have tried for twenty years to unearth my secret! If you had, the fortune would have been yours! But, since you failed, I have come to collect the fortune for myself!"

The Baron shrank away from him in fear. "But . . . but . . . you're dead!"

"Yes, I WAS dead!" replied his brother. "Until you brought me back! The Voodoo potion works, dear brother, and now I am back for good!"

The Baron, who thought he might be dreaming or else on the verge of madness, said, "Then where is the hidden fortune?"

"Very simple," came the answer. "Before I died I put the treasure into a savings account at the local bank. It's been there all along. Had you the cleverness to investigate you would have found it long ago!"

"But why did you wait these twenty years?" screamed the Baron stamping his foot.

"The interest, dear brother," said Hugo smoothly. "Five percent compounded quarterly for twenty years!"

Then he stepped past his astonished brother and left for the bank to make his withdrawal.

When he had gone the Baron stepped quickly to the telephone. "Hello, Bureau of Internal Revenue? I'd like to report a man who hasn't filed a tax return in twenty years!" said the Baron with an evil chuckle.

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Liddle Wolfgang

SILVER THREADS AMONG THE GHOUL

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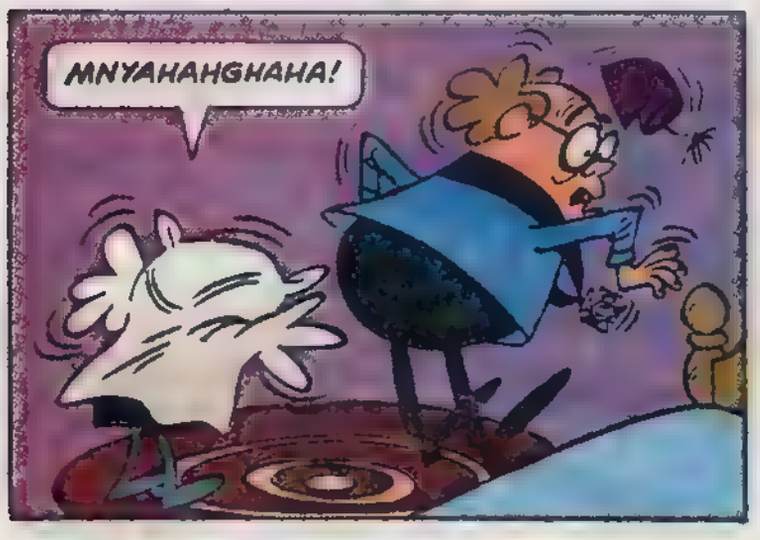
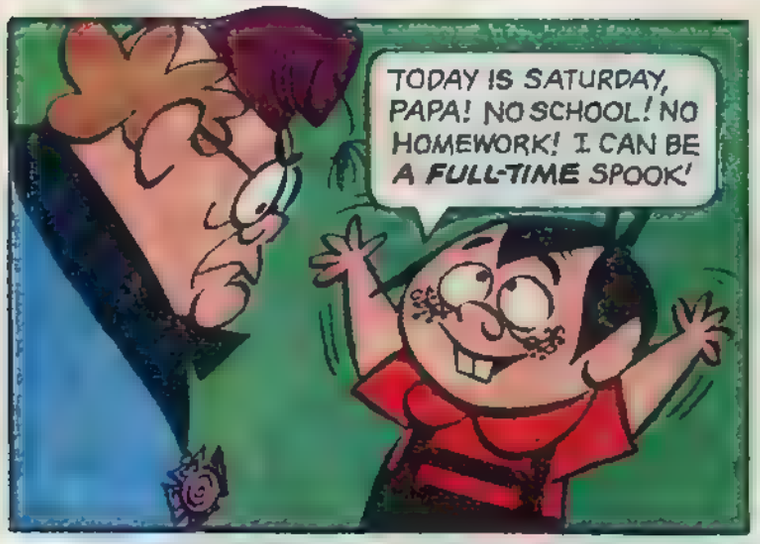
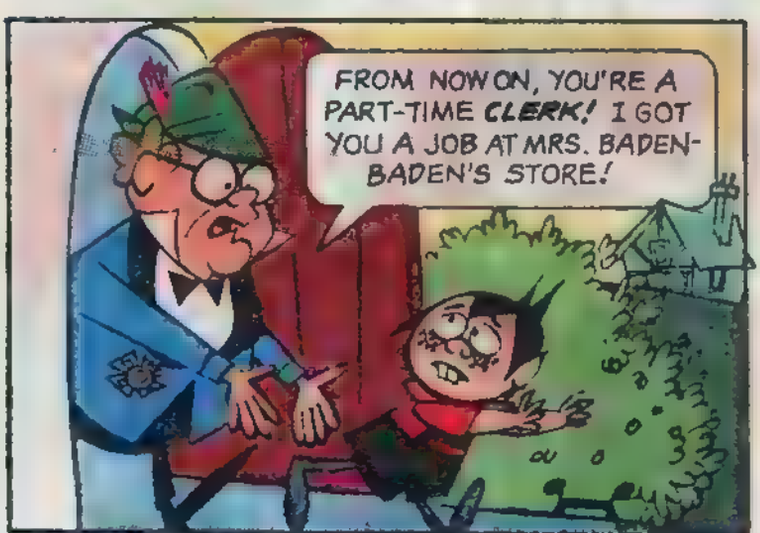
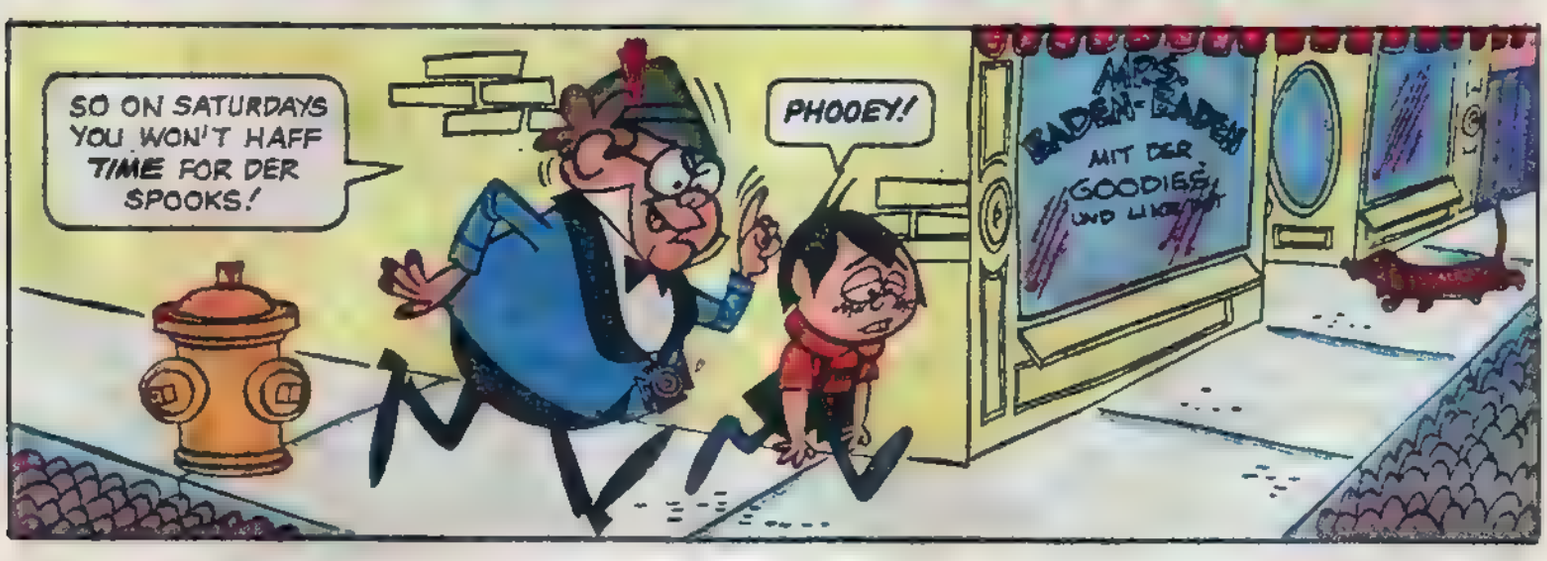


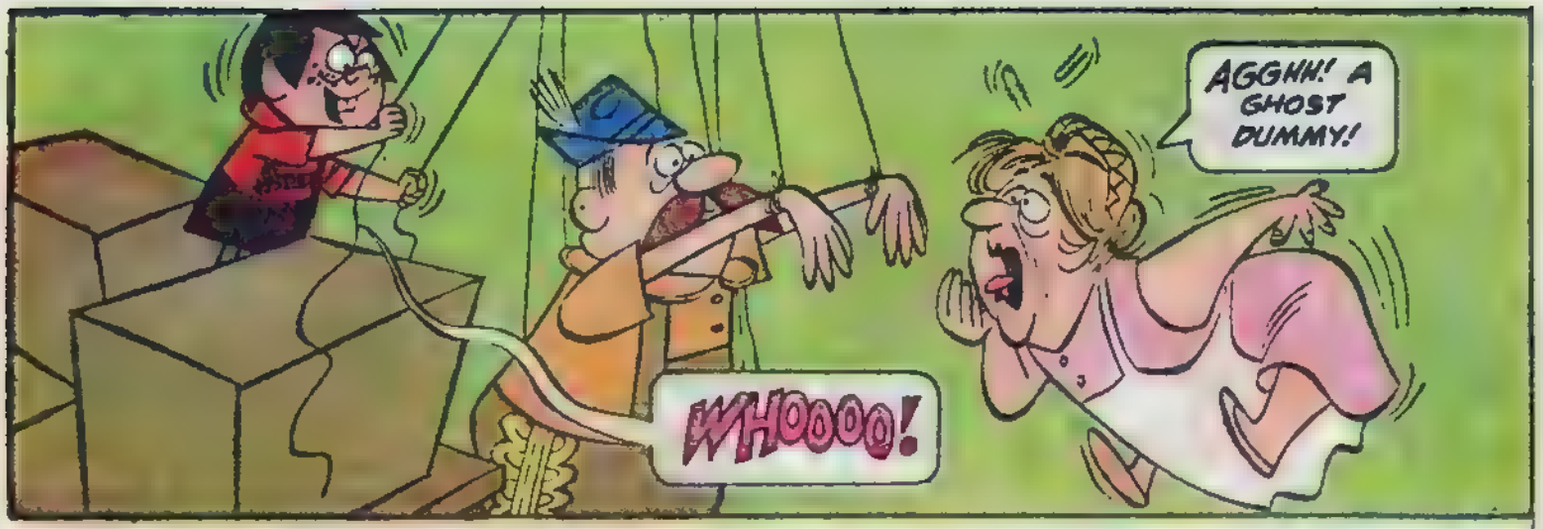


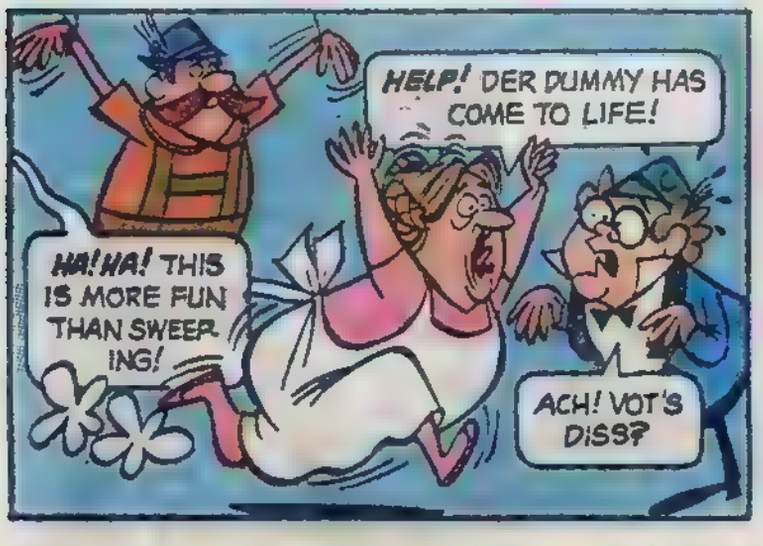




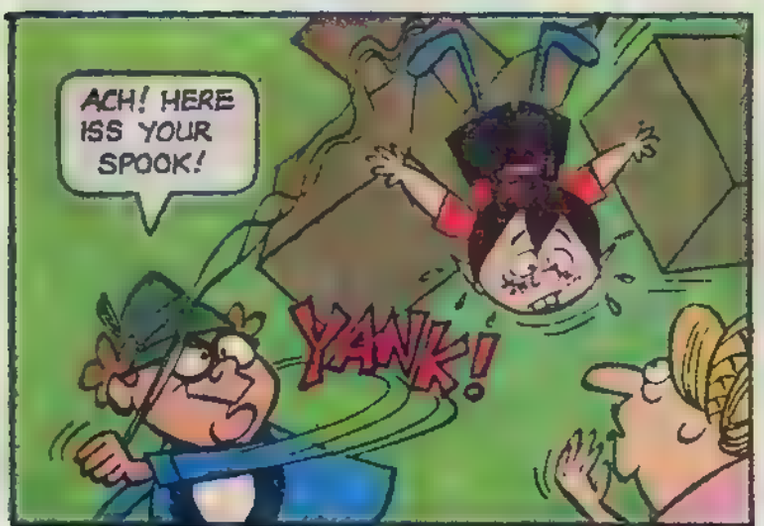
HERE ISS YOUR NEW HELPER!
AH, GOOT! DERE ISS LOTS OF WORK FOR HIM HERE!
SPECIAL VEENIES 65¢ lb
PIX NUGGLES IN DER BRINE
WHAT A WAY TO SPEND SATURDAYS!
SWEEPING IS BORING!
WOLFGANG!... COME UND HELP ME MIT DER CUSTOMERS!
GET ME SOME OF DOT PINK RIBBON!
CUSTOMERS!... THAT'S MORE LIKE IT! I CAN SCARE THEM!
RIBBONS ALL COLORS!
COMBS
OH, BOY! THESE COMBS LOOK LIKE HORRIBLE TEETH!
GRRR!
HO! HO! HE ISS SO FUNNY!
STOP DIS NONSENSE! YOU DON'T SCARE ANYBODY!

YOU CHUST MIND THE STORE VHILE I HELP MIT DER PACKAGES!
THERE MUST BE SOME WAY I CAN SCARE MRS. BADEN-BADEN!
IF I COULD MAKE THAT DUMMY COME TO LIFE!
SA
I NEED A THREAD THAT'S INVISIBLE!
THREADS
I'LL RIG HIM LIKE A PUPPET! THEN I CAN CONTROL HIM COMPLETELY!
NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON!
DA DUM DA DUM DA
PIGGLES 3 for 19

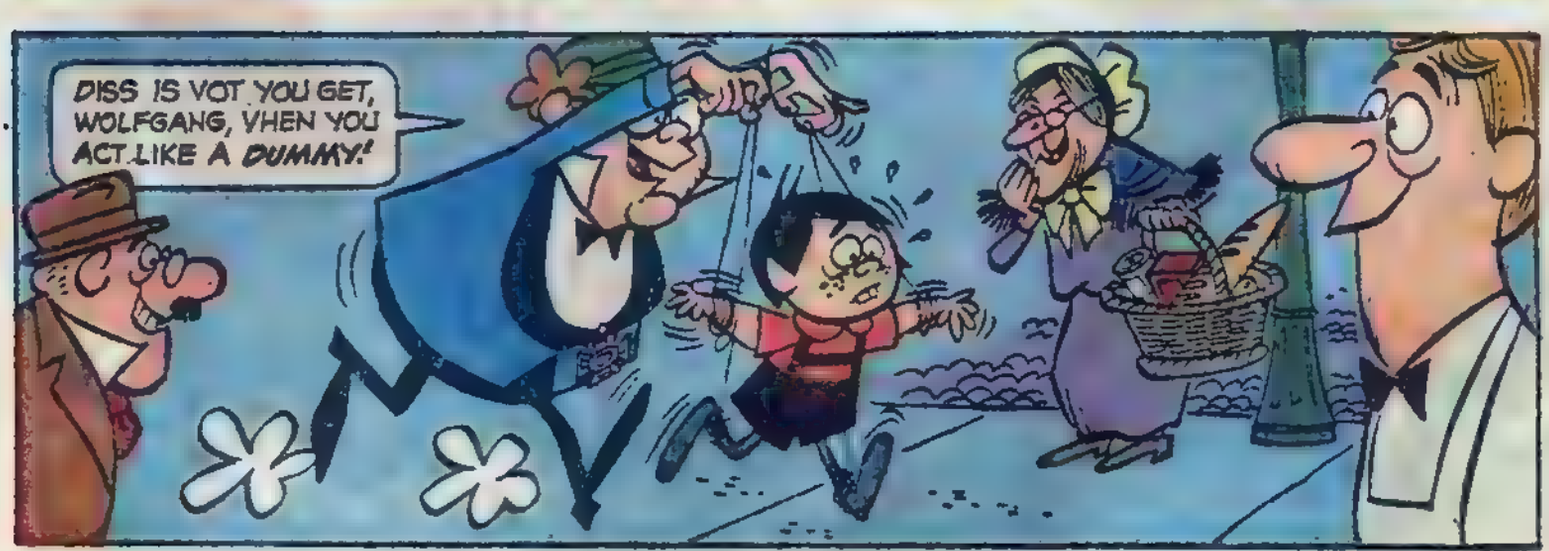

AGGHH! A GHOST DUMMY!
WHOOOO!


HELP! DER DUMMY HAS COME TO LIFE!
HA! HA! THIS IS MORE FUN THAN SWEEP ING!
ACH! VOT'S DISS?

AHA! DISS ISS A GHOST MIT STRINGS ATTACHED!
?


ACH! HERE ISS YOUR SPOOK!
YANK!

TWO CAN PLAY AT DISS GAME, LITTLE ONE!


DISS IS VOT YOU GET, WOLFGANG, VHEN YOU ACT LIKE A DUMMY!

MINI-COMICS

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MONSTER MUSEUM

The KITCHY-KOO CREATURE

Tickles its victims into a state of hysteria.

Our Monster Museum is a pretty busy place these days, what with *one monster after another* claiming recognition and trying to outscare each other. We hope you enjoy this collection. There'll be more coming — so keep your eye on this Monster Museum page.

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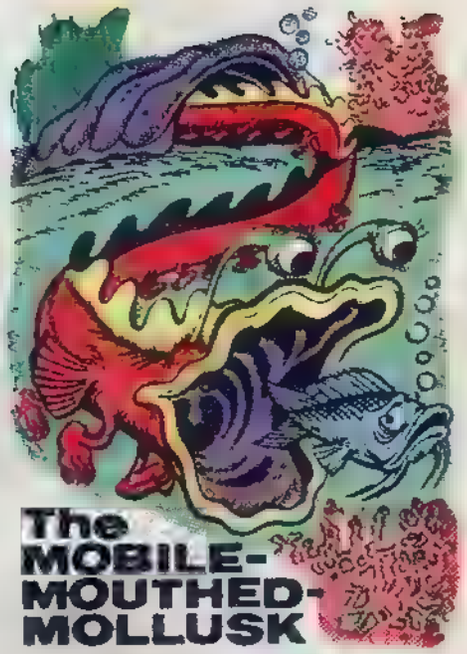
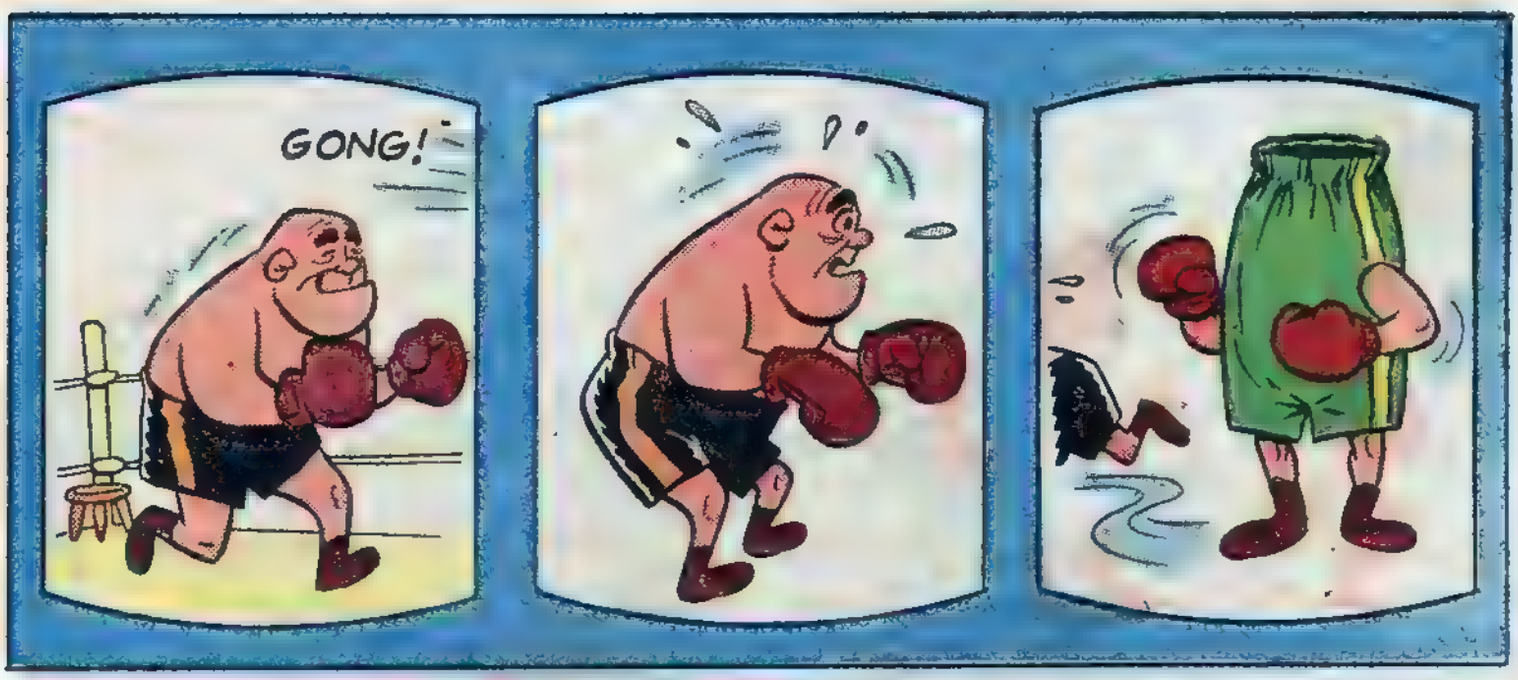


Likes to eat-and-run.

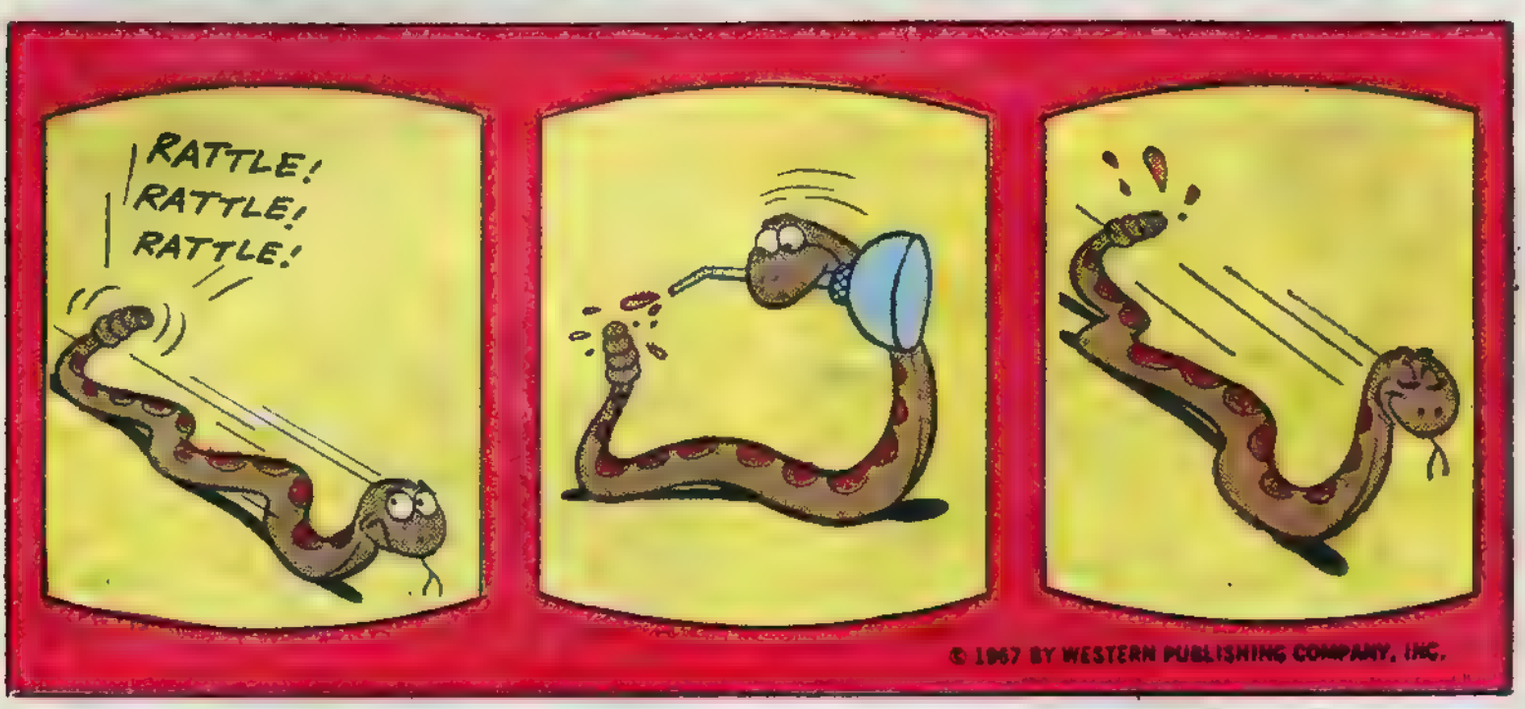
THE PUTTY-PUSSED-PEOPLE-EATER

Can assume the most appealing shape.

Snacks mostly on astronauts and green moon cheese.



QUICK TAKES



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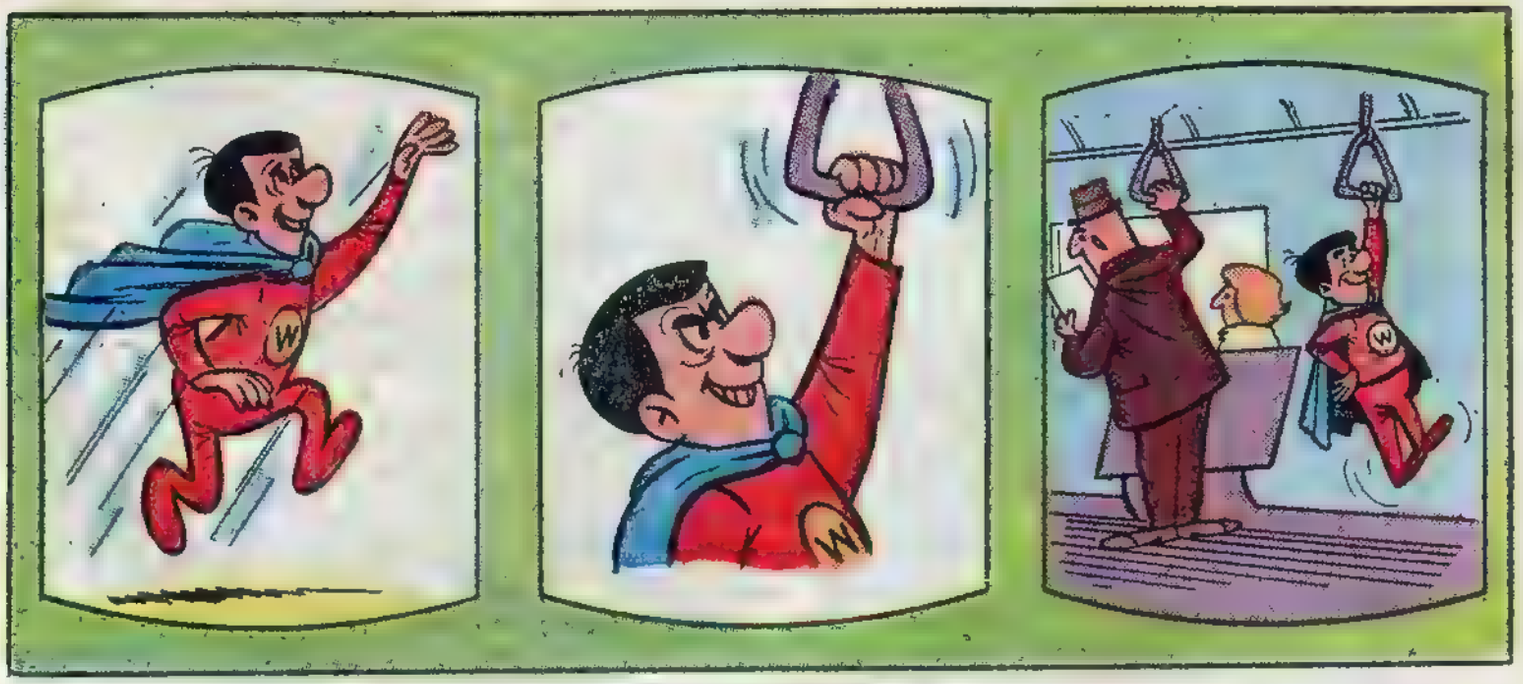
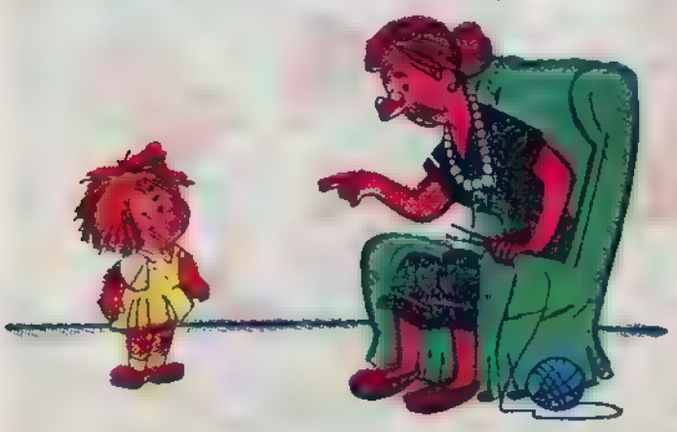


Jest for Fun



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Grandma: You're pretty dirty, Sally!
Sally: Yes, and I'm even prettier when I am clean!

Rich Barth—Chicago, Ill.

Riddle: When will a net hold water?
Answer: When the water is ice.

Patti Ann Lorman—Tyngsboro, Mass.

Riddle: Why is it important for a doctor to keep his temper?
Answer: He'd lose his patients, otherwise.

Eva Bruin—New York, N.Y.

Officer: Say, mister, didn't you know this is a one-way street?
Motorist: No, am I going the wrong way?
Officer: Yes. Didn't you see the arrow?
Motorist: No, I didn't even see the Indian!

Paula Ford—Minden, La.

Mike: What runs past your house but never moves?
Don: The road!

Jon Allen—Mohall, No. Dak.

Riddle: Why is a girl in love like a welder?
Answer: Because both carry torches!

Karen Marie Downer—Memphis, Tenn.

Riddle: What can go all the way around the world and still stay in one corner?
Answer: A postage stamp, on the corner of a letter.

Jennifer DaCosta—Cologne, W. Germany

Riddle: What has two faces, no hands and plays with needles?
Answer: A phonograph record.

Adile Ulwiner—Los Angeles, Calif.

Boy: What would you do if you were in my shoes?
Girl: Polish them!

Tim George—Carbondale, Colo.

Jim: Why is it difficult for leopards to hide?
Tim: Because they are always spotted.

Cindy Watson—Durham, Ont. Canada

Mr. Jones: I have trouble, doctor! I can blow smoke rings!
Doctor: A lot of people can do that!
Mr. Jones: But I don't smoke!

Beth Winder—Wildwood, N.J.

Son: Mother, there was an awful wreck down the road!
Mother: What happened?
Son: The dirt road ran into the highway!

Daniel Perry—Ridgeway, S.C.

Riddle: What is an I.O.U.?
Answer: A paper wait!

Paul and Doug Jasa—Thurston, Nebr.

Riddle: I am something that everyone tends to overlook no matter how careful they are. What am I?
Answer: A nose!

Gary Giannotta—No. Caldwell, N.J.

Riddle: Who writes the most letters?
Answer: Fishermen! They are always dropping lines!

Ted Salas—Englewood, Colo.

Riddle: What has a ring but it is not round?
Answer: A telephone!

David Petersen—Misenheimer, N.C.

Mr. Smith's dog was so smart that he enrolled him at school. When the dog came home after the first day, Mr. Smith asked, "Did you learn to read today?" The dog shook his head. "Did you learn to write?" asked Mr. Smith. Again the dog shook his head. Mr. Smith tried again, "Well did you learn a foreign language?" The dog replied, "Meow!"

Les Scott—Quincy, Calif.

Riddle: What is the best way to make a fire with two sticks?
Answer: Be sure one stick is a match!

Pamela Adams—Shiprock, N.M.

Airplane: I'll get the fishing poles and you get the bait!
Helicopter: Why do I always have to get the bait?
Airplane: Everyone knows the whirleybird gets the worm!

Ken Lillie—Mokena, Ill.

Man: This cottage cheese has a splinter in it, waiter!
Waiter: You didn't expect the whole cottage now, did you?

Linda Scott—Glen Rock, N.J.

Riddle: How do you make gold soup?
Answer: You put in 14 carrots.

Jenny Edwards—South Bend, Ind.

Jim: Do Eskimos have cows?
Tim: Sure! They are called eskimoos!

Jeff Ricks—Surf City, N.C.

Riddle: Why did the soprano stand on a ladder when she sang?
Answer: So she could reach the higher notes!

Arlene Bates—Kite, Ky.

The MUNSTERS
The BIG FRIGHT
BOY, THAT TOMMY CRAMER MAKES ME SO MAD! HE SAYS HIS FATHER CAN LICK YOU!
LET HIM THINK SO, THAT'S HIS PRIVILEGE!
PARLOR GAGS
BUT I DIDN'T LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT, POP! YOU'D HAVE BEEN PROUD OF ME!
EDDIE! I HOPE YOU DIDN'T GET INTO A FIST FIGHT WITH TOMMY!
OH NO, POP! I TOLD HIM YOU WERE COMING RIGHT OVER TO BEAT UP MR. CRAMER!
YOU WHAT? YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE DONE THAT, EDDIE! I--I WOULDN'T HARM A FLY!
YOU MEAN YOU WON'T GO BEAT UP MR. CRAMER AND SHUT TOMMY UP?
OF COURSE NOT! I'VE NEVER EVEN MET MR. CRAMER! FOR SOME REASON, HE NEVER COMES NEAR HERE!
(BAW!) MY FATHER'S A COWARD! (BAW-W!!)
BU-BUT, EDDIE...

HERMAN, DON'T BE SAD! YOU KNOW HOW IT IS WITH KIDS! THEY'RE ALWAYS PITTING THEIR FATHERS AGAINST EACH OTHER!
I KNOW, LILY! BUT I FEEL I'VE LET EDDIE DOWN!
IMAGINE THAT GUY CRAMER! TELLING TOMMY HE COULD BEAT ANY FATHER IN A FIGHT!
NOW, NOW, HERMAN!
WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS? THE BIG SHOW-OFF! I'VE A GOOD MIND TO GO OVER THERE RIGHT NOW AND...
HERMAN!
...PUNCH HIM IN THE NOSE!
HERMAN! STOP! REMEMBER! YOU'RE A GENTLE MAN!
THAT'S RIGHT, MR. CRAMER! MY FATHER SAID HE COULD LICK YOU WITH BOTH HANDS TIED BEHIND HIS BACK!
YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH THAT, ARE YOU, DAD?
LICK ME, HUH? WHAT KIND OF TALK IS THAT TO BE TELLING KIDS?
100

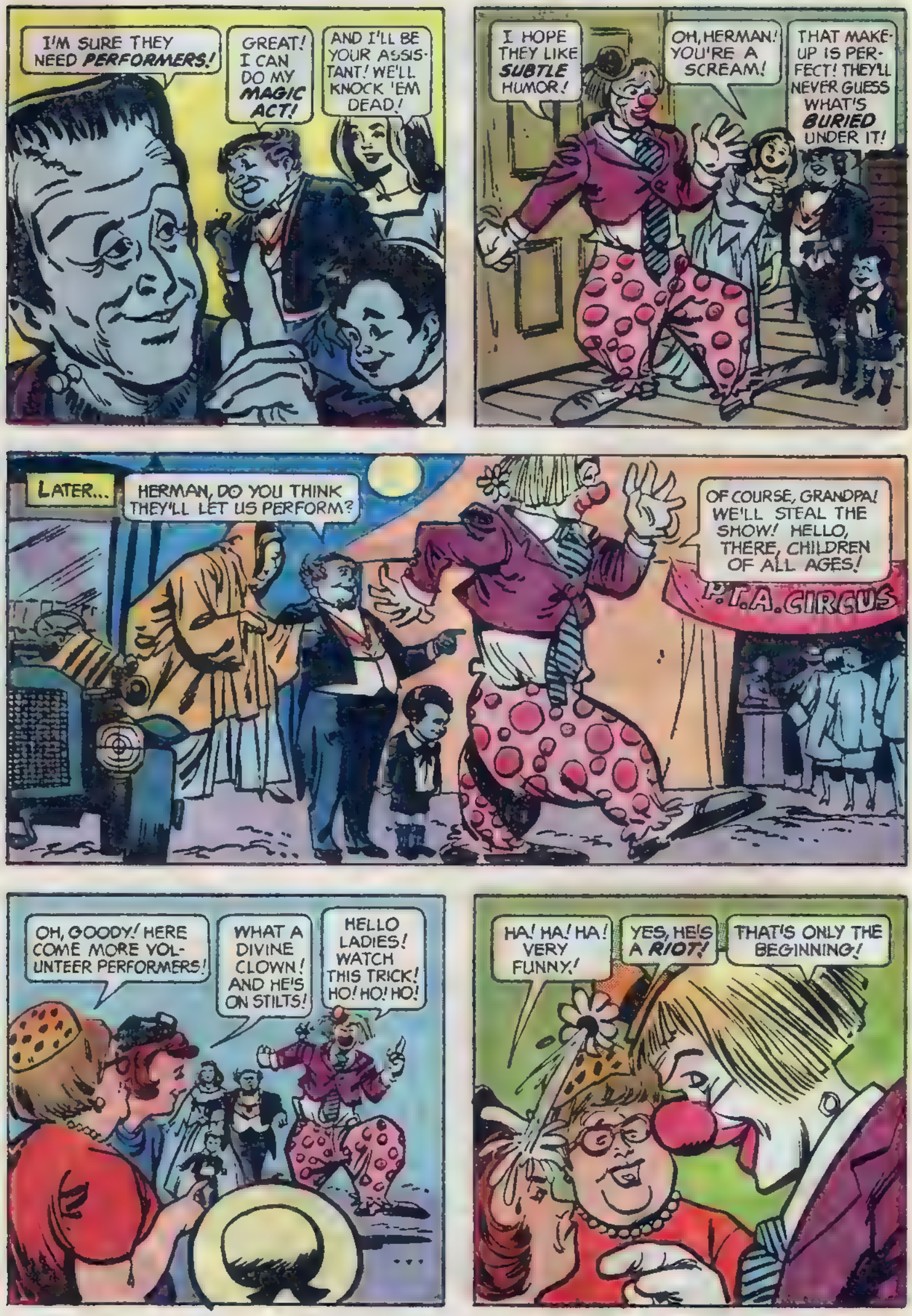
WHO DOES HE THINK HE IS? THE BIG SHOW-OFF! I'LL FIX HIM GOOD!
WHERE IS HE? I'LL MURDER THE BUM!
NOW YOU'LL SEE WHOSE FATHER CAN LICK WHOSE!
OH YEAH?
AHA! THIS MUST BE MR. CRAMER!
"ULP" YEEK!
THERE HE IS, DAD!
WHERE'D HE GO?
(BAW!) MY FATHER'S A COWARD! HE RAN AWAY! (BAW-W!)
WHOOSH!

I GUESS WE SHOWED YOU, TOMMY CRAMER!
THERE, THERE, TOMMY! YOUR FATHER'S NO COWARD! HE PROBABLY JUST WENT TO GET HIS BOXING GLOVES! I'LL GO HELP HIM FIND THEM!
I FEEL AWFUL! NO FATHER SHOULD LOOK BAD IN HIS SON'S EYES! I'LL MAKE IT UP TO CRAMER, SOMEHOW!
HELLO, CRAMER!
NO, NO, DON'T TOUCH ME!
I DON'T WANT TO FIGHT WITH YOU! BUT YOU KNOW HOW KIDS ARE! LET'S MAKE A DEAL...
SU-SURE! A DEAL! THAT'S A GOOD IDEA!
EVERY BOY WANTS HIS FATHER TO BE THE BEST! SO THE DEAL I HAVE IN MIND IS... A TEST OF STRENGTH!
A TEST OF STRENGTH? ARE YOU KIDDING? I CAN HARDLY LIFT THOSE THINGS!
100
150
200

BUT SOMEHOW I HAVE THE FEELING I WON'T BE ABLE TO LIFT THEM AT ALL! IS IT A DEAL?
IT'S A DEAL!
BOYS, WE DECIDED FIGHTING ISN'T THE ANSWER! SO MR. CRAMER AND I ARE GOING TO HAVE A CONTEST! A TEST OF STRENGTH!
OH, BOY!
WHOOPEE!
LOOK AT THAT! TWO HUNDRED POUNDS OVER HIS HEAD!
YOU SHOW 'EM, DAD!
WOW!
200
AW, YOU CAN LIFT LOTS MORE THAN THAT, CAN'T YOU, POP?
THIS LOOKS AWFULLY HEAVY!
200
{PUFF-PUFF} {GASP} THIS IS TOO MUCH FOR ME!
HOORAY! MY POP WINS!

HOORAY FOR THE CHAMP!
YEAH! YEAH!
(BAW!) MY FATHER'S A WEAKLING!
(SIGH:) NOW EDDIE'S UPSET! OH, I SEE MR. CRAMER FORGOT TO PUT HIS WEIGHTS AWAY!
200
WE SHOULD KEEP THE PLACE TIDY!
21
CRASH!
THERE! NEATNESS COUNTS!
GOLLY!
200
HI, HERMAN, OLE PAL! WOULD YOU OPEN THIS JAR OF PICKLES? HA! HA! I CAN'T SEEM TO GET IT TO TURN!
PHOOEY! MY FATHER'S A WEAKLING!
POP! YOU'RE THE GREATEST!
HERE WE GO AGAIN!
OBITUA

The MUNSTERS
CREEPY CLOWN
HELLO, FOLKS! I'VE GOT GOOD NEWS!
LUNCH
OH, HERMAN! DID YOU GET A RAISE?
LET'S HEAR IT, HERMAN!
NO RAISE, LILY! BUSINESS HAS BEEN PRETTY DEAD...BUT READ THIS! THE P.T.A. IS HAVING A CIRCUS!
WONDERFUL! NOW AT LAST WE CAN TAKE PART IN THE P.T.A.!
BUT WE HAVEN'T BEEN INVITED, LILY!
P.T.A. STANDS FOR "PARENTS-TEACHERS ASSOCIATION"...AND WE'RE PARENTS... SO THAT QUALIFIES US!
A CIRCUS? OH, BOY!


I'M SURE THEY NEED PERFORMERS!
GREAT! I CAN DO MY MAGIC ACT!
AND I'LL BE YOUR ASSISTANT! WE'LL KNOCK 'EM DEAD!
I HOPE THEY LIKE SUBTLE HUMOR!
OH, HERMAN! YOU'RE A SCREAM!
THAT MAKE-UP IS PERFECT! THEY'LL NEVER GUESS WHAT'S BURIED UNDER IT!
LATER...
HERMAN, DO YOU THINK THEY'LL LET US PERFORM?
OF COURSE, GRANDPA! WE'LL STEAL THE SHOW! HELLO, THERE, CHILDREN OF ALL AGES!
P.T.A. CIRCUS
OH, GOODY! HERE COME MORE VOLUNTEER PERFORMERS!
WHAT A DIVINE CLOWN! AND HE'S ON STILTS!
HELLO LADIES! WATCH THIS TRICK! HO! HO! HO!
HA! HA! HA! VERY FUNNY!
YES, HE'S A RIOT!
THAT'S ONLY THE BEGINNING!

I CALL THIS THE TRANSYLVANIA TROT!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! AN ASTOUNDING FEAT OF MAGIC! FROM THIS HAT, HUNDREDS OF BIRDS WILL FLY!
JUST A LITTLE FLIGHT OF FANCY!
OHHH!
WOW!
GASP!
OKAY, BIRDS! THAT'S ENOUGH! (GULP!) I FORGOT HOW TO MAKE THEM STOP!
GET THOSE BIRDS OUT OF HERE!
I'LL TAKE 'EM OUTSIDE! MAYBE THEY'LL FLY SOUTH!

SORRY, MRS. SWAGG... SOMETIMES GRANDPA'S MAGIC IS FOR THE BIRDS! HA! HA!
ER... YES... HA! HA! BUT NOW IT'S TIME TO COLLECT THE MONEY!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! OUR CLOWN WILL NOW TAKE UP THE DONATIONS!
I'D BE GLAD TO PASS THE HAT!
I THINK IF WE GET MORE LAUGHS, WE'LL GET MORE MONEY! DO SOMETHING FUNNY TO THE BIG CLOWN!
GOOD IDEA! I'LL GIVE HIM THE OLD SELTZER BOTTLE BIT!
YOU'VE BEEN WORKING HARD! HERE, COOL OFF! HA! HA!
SPLASH!
HA-HA-HA-HA-HA!
HEH! HEH! THAT WAS VERY REFRESHING!
YEOW!!
UGH!

OKAY, FOLKS! GET THE MONEY UP! IT'S FOR A GOOD CAUSE!
UGH! HE'S HORRIBLE!
GIVE HIM MONEY! GIVE HIM ANY-THING HE WANTS!
KEEP HIM AWAY FROM ME!
THAT'S VERY GENEROUS! THANK YOU!
HOW ABOUT YOU, SIR?
CARE TO DONATE TO THE P.T.A.?
GULP
WHAT A NICE MAN! HE DIDN'T EVEN WAIT TO BE THANKED!

REALLY HE'S NOT A MONSTER! THAT'S JUST MAKE-UP! NO ONE COULD LOOK LIKE THAT!
AND I CAN'T THINK OF WHEN I'VE ENJOYED A P.T.A. CIRCUS MORE!
IN FACT, ARTHUR IS GOING TO WRITE A BIG CHECK FOR THE P.T.A. FUND, RIGHT, ARTHUR?
OF COURSE, LITTLE LAMB!
AND WE WANT YOU TO PERFORM AT OUR CIRCUS EVERY YEAR!
I'D BE GLAD TO!
HERMAN! LILY! WE'VE GOT TO GO HOME QUICK! I NEED MY VOODOO BOOK TO STOP THESE CRAZY BIRDS!
BUT DON'T BRING HIM!
I FEEL SILLY IN THIS COSTUME! I CAN'T WAIT TO GET BACK TO NORMAL!
YES, HERMAN, PEOPLE MIGHT STARE!
I SHOULD'VE USED BATS! BATS I CAN CONTROL!

Chuckle time

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"Whattya mean 'inspiring'? . . . I haven't **started** yet!"

"Got a match?"

"He really takes that 'Be Prepared' motto to heart!"

picture dictionary

B BONEFISH

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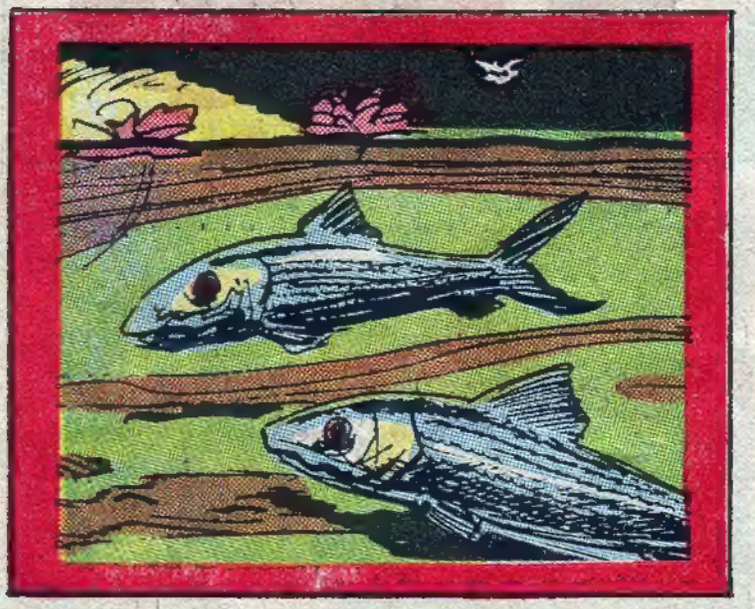
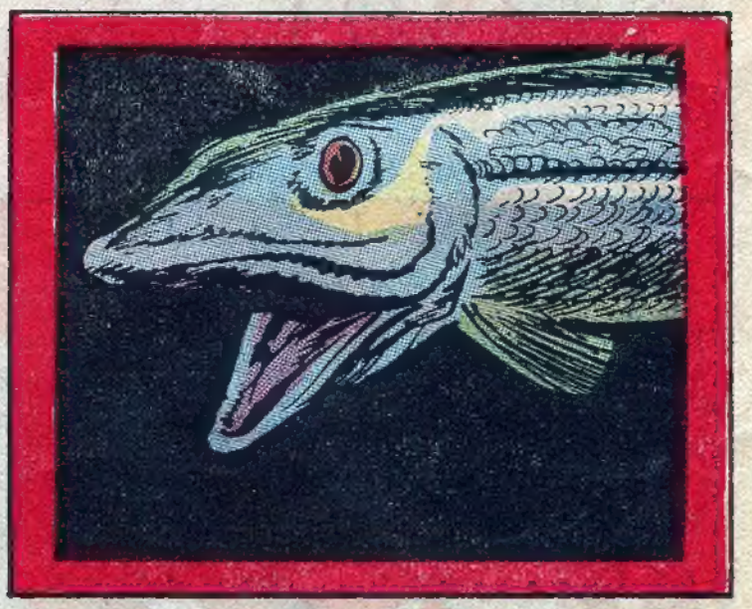
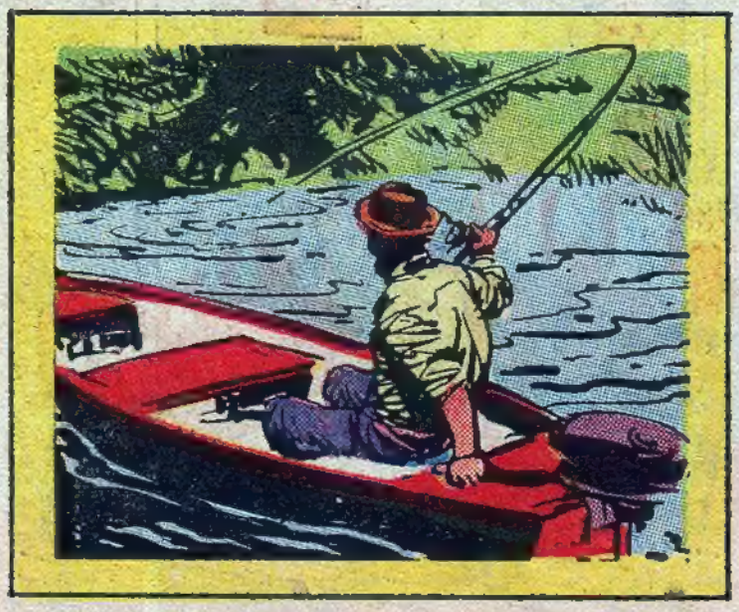
Bonefish, called "the gamest of all sport fish," seldom weigh more than 12 lbs. Ounce for ounce, they're stubborn fighters.



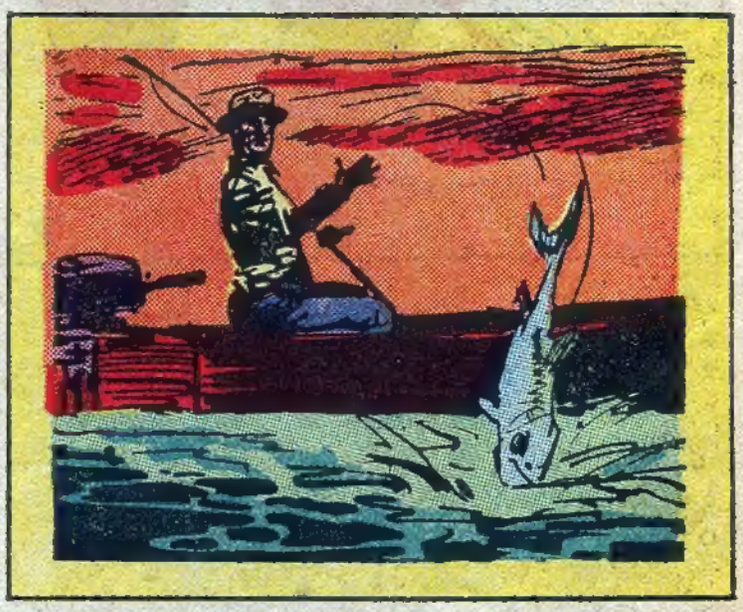
Related to both the tarpon and the herring, Bonefish are found in warm waters throughout the world. They favor shallow inlets.



The mouths of Bonefish open downward. Hard teeth permit them to dine on shell fish. They root out prey from the deep sand.



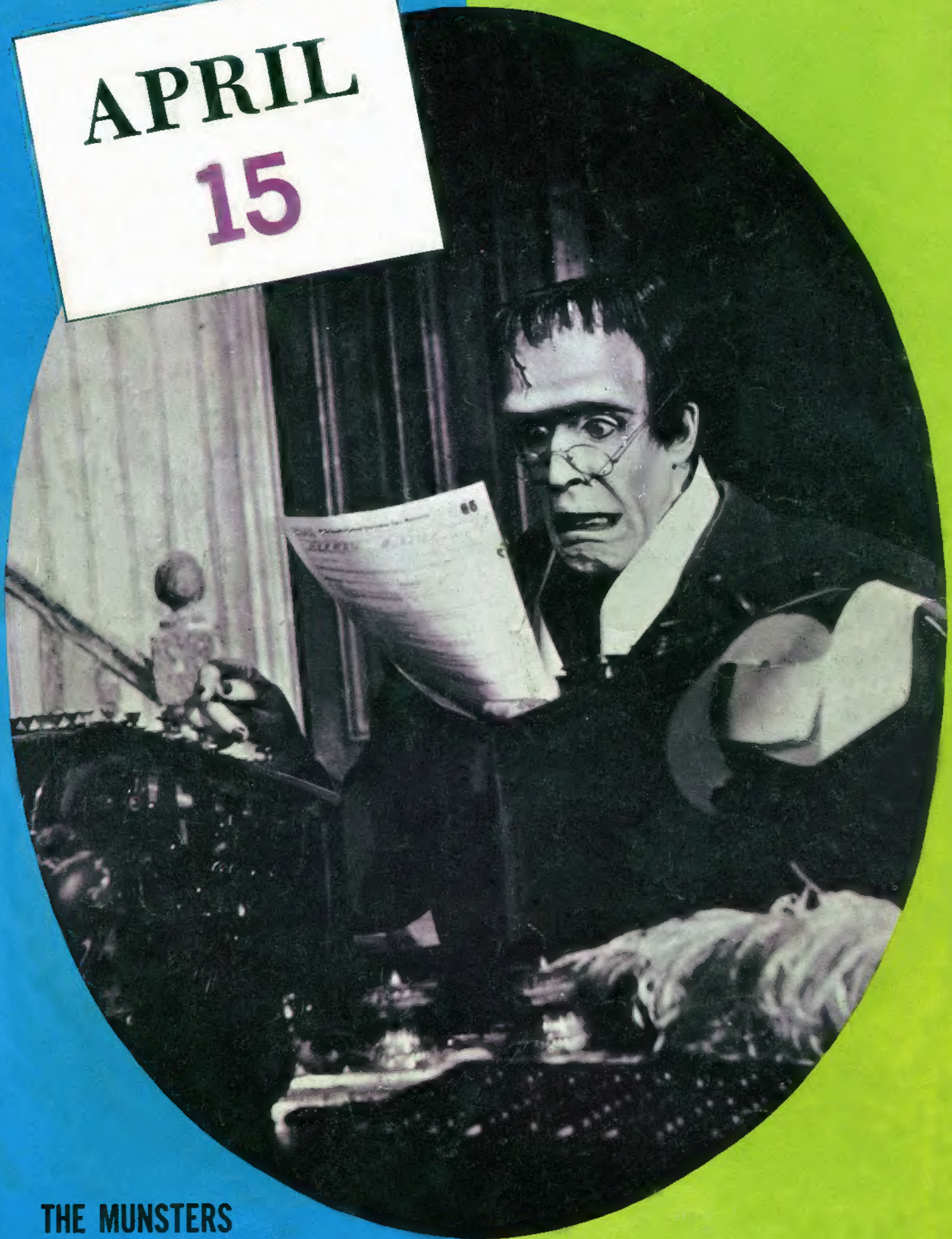
Fishermen watch for muddy water over known bonefish flats. Most of the time this indicates the presence of feeding fish.



Bonefish are intelligent and match wits with the fishermen. They are not very edible, so when caught are quite often released.

The MUNSTERS
DUST IN TIME
OH, DEAR! MOTHER'S DUSTING AGAIN!
1313
WOW!
CLOSE THAT DOOR, EDDIE!
:COUGH COUGH: SURE IS A LOT OF DUST! HOW IS SHE EVER GONNA GET IT OUT OF HERE?
ARE YOU KIDDING?
SHE'S TRYING TO KEEP IT IN HERE!

APRIL 15



THE MUNSTERS

PIN-UP

BEWARE!
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20¢ CC
7 MAR 02185
THE MONSTERS ARE COMING!
BEWARE!
VENI VIDI SCANI
You will always be missed.
You will always be remembered.
You will always be mourned.
Thank you for being my friend.
Thank you for being my mentor.
R.I.P the incredible
BUMBLEBEE-MAN !